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## THE BOSTON "VELASQUEZ."

## II.

Hand writing is said to reveal character; whether this be true or not, it does reveal habit. Those who have made a study of the subject are able to detect whether a person wrote a certain writing, even if he attempted to conceal its origin, by comparing it with writings known to be by that person. Like in all inferential conclusions also this science is open to error, but still may be regarded of fair value if substantiated by corroborative evidence.

A painter uses his brush with the same submission to habit as a writer his pen. Nor has the painter ever occasion to change his method for reason of concealment, to disguise himself, but he will more readily follow his habit of handling at all times—and by this idiosyncrasy will be recognized.

Velasquez had such peculiarities. Attention was called in the last number of his sureness of construction, his admirable drawing, his clear and clean coloring, his light impasto, his incisive, though sparingly used whites and yellows.

There may be added a further characteristic of Velasquez seen in most of his work. His line of demarkation of a light surface on a dark background is rarely made by a distinguishing line. He handles his brush from the light into the dark, instead of traveling along either. With invisible lines he runs his light into the dark whereby the sculpturesque effect is produced which gives the appearance of relief to his work.

Let us turn to the painting. The face of this Philip, with its strange pallor and full Austrian lips, has become very familiar to us, and the likeness with the authentic portrait, which is in the Prado (No. 1070), is convincing. The Boston portrait is, however, of a somewhat younger man and, if genuine, must antedate the Prado portrait which was one of the earliest (see Knackfuss, Biography of Velasquez). Pacheco writes in his book, published in 1649, of an earlier portrait than the Madrid, 1070, and the Boston portrait, if genuine, would in the appearance of age correspond to this last original.

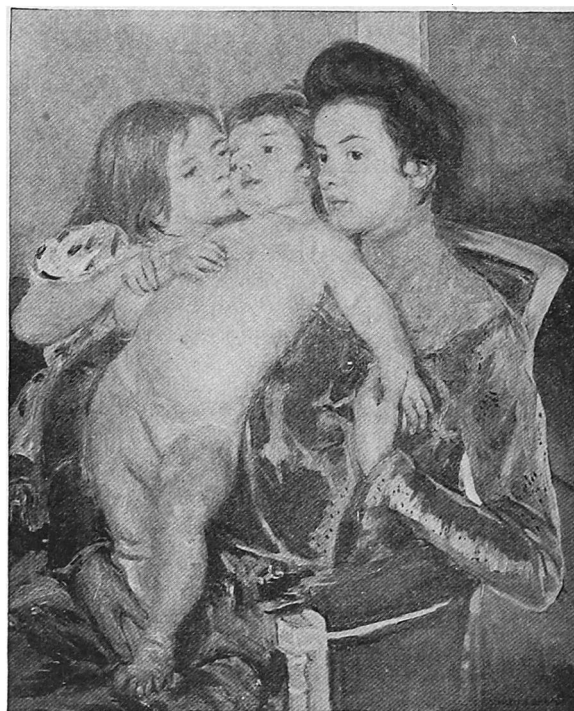
We must place, then, this work among the very first portraits which Velasquez could have painted. This being the case we may overlook the lack of luminosity, lack of lightness of tone, lack of atmospheric effect. None of these characteristics are found here, but as they only developed gradually in the artist and came only to full fruition after his Italian journey, we may not hold their absence against the *corpus delicti*.

More serious, however, is the uncertain construction of the body. The Prado portrait shows, at first glance, a proportionately larger head than the Boston portrait. The head is well-sculptured, the expression entirely to the standard of Velasquez work, and, with one exception to be noted later, may well be from the master's brush. The hands, also, with the same exception, are constructively sure, notably the left hand which lightly rests on the sword-hilt which is lost in the shadows of the cloak. But the *tout-ensemble* of the figure is not satisfying. The lines of the legs run into the line of the neck and chest with a crook about the hips. To be well balanced the legs should be painted to run into the feet about an inch to the left of the spectator. Velasquez always was too good a draughtsman to make such a mistake.

And, further, the painting of the cloak is too tight, there is a certain heaviness in the blacks to which Velasquez has never accustomed us. It shows a brush-handling most unusual to the great Spaniard, which is the exception above referred to, in the line between the neck and the "golilla" or peculiar collar, which the King wears. That line is too sharp, it does not loose itself. So it is with the line modelling the right hand as it hangs against the cloak. The brush shows the black mark instead of the usual working of the light into the dark.

To sum up, it would hardly do to suppose this work to be a copy. There is too much Velasquez in it. Nor can it be entirely by the hand of the master—there are too many aberrations from the immortal Spaniard's methods. It *may be* the original first picture of which Pacheco speaks, left uncompleted as a first study of his Prado portrait, 1070, and afterwards finished by some pupil.

As a personal opinion I might offer the suggestion that the Boston Museum authorities place under the painting the tablet: "Attributed to Velasquez." This would be a fair and conservative statement in the face of the antagonistic criticisms which have been raised, and would in no way deteriorate the value of the painting, which speaks for itself. The Boston Museum, with its Rembrandts of Dr. Tulip and of his wife, its Gabriel Metzu, "The Usurer," its Ribera, "The Philosopher," its wonderful Copley's, its Turner, Corot, Millet and many other gems, its magnificent Japanese collection, has too many treasures to be above taking the dignified stand of conservatism in a matter on which the doctors disagree.



MARY CASSATT

CARESS

## THE DUTY ON ART.

Americans, who have become independent of cares for their livelihood, were formerly wont to consider their material advantage of greater importance than any ideal benefit they could derive by the contemplation of beauty. The walls of almost all their houses were as bare as those of the Truks, whose religion prohibits any artistic embellishment of their homes and mosques. Some thirty years ago the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia began to develop a more general taste for art. It spread gradually over the country until every important city has now one public and several private galleries. We find a constantly increasing number of paintings and engravings in our hotels and private houses. They not only adorn the environs, but they teach the inhabitants

to appreciate art. As a symbol of civilization it should, by all means, be fostered. To educate our children, specimens of the highest art should be placed in the schoolrooms, and, to improve the morals of criminals, on the walls of our reformatories.

Literature, as an expression of thought, and art as the representative of beauty, have long been encouraged by civilized nations. Except in America the importation of books and pictures free of toll has become almost universal. That our protective system could be extended to products of the mind appears to indicate intellectual poverty.

Foreign artists are not excluded; their work is not taxed when it is produced here. Why should we tax it when it comes from abroad?

The avowed object of duties is to raise revenue and to protect industry. But the revenue derived from this tax is not needed\* and art is not the product of any common industry. It is the creation of genius.

The Emperor Augustus scoured the worlds he conquered to procure the best examples of art for Rome. The great Napoleon followed his example in the interest of France.

The Paris Salon welcomes meritorious works of art from every quarter of the globe; ignoring the origin, it awards prizes to the best exhibits. We claim to be more civilized than Italians and Frenchmen, yet we follow a different course.

Excluding such collections as Mr. Morgan made we compelled him to place them in the Kensington Museum. Had we allowed him to import them free of duty they ultimately would have found their way into our public galleries. Nothing could contribute more to the enjoyment of our brief earthly existence; nothing would redound so much to the credit of magnanimous benefactors who can afford peaceably to enrich our country with such treasures.

American authors have never intimated that the work of their brain should be protected against the "pauperized" brains of European men of letters. There may be American "artists" narrow-minded enough to protest against the free introduction of foreign art; when they do they demonstrate that they cannot be true artists. The advent of any good work of foreign art is more welcome to a true artist than to the amateur because it may offer him the opportunity to emulate an example he finds superior to his own.

Art will not flourish in the minds of persons who are actuated by mercenary motives; no work of art can rise above the rank of mediocrity that is not the spontaneous production of an artistic mind. The works of Chase and Inness have demonstrated that such can be produced on the banks of the Hudson, as well as on the Seine.

To elevate us from the rut of materialism to higher aims, we need all the good works of art which this or any other country can produce; they are a factor of the loftiest civilization.

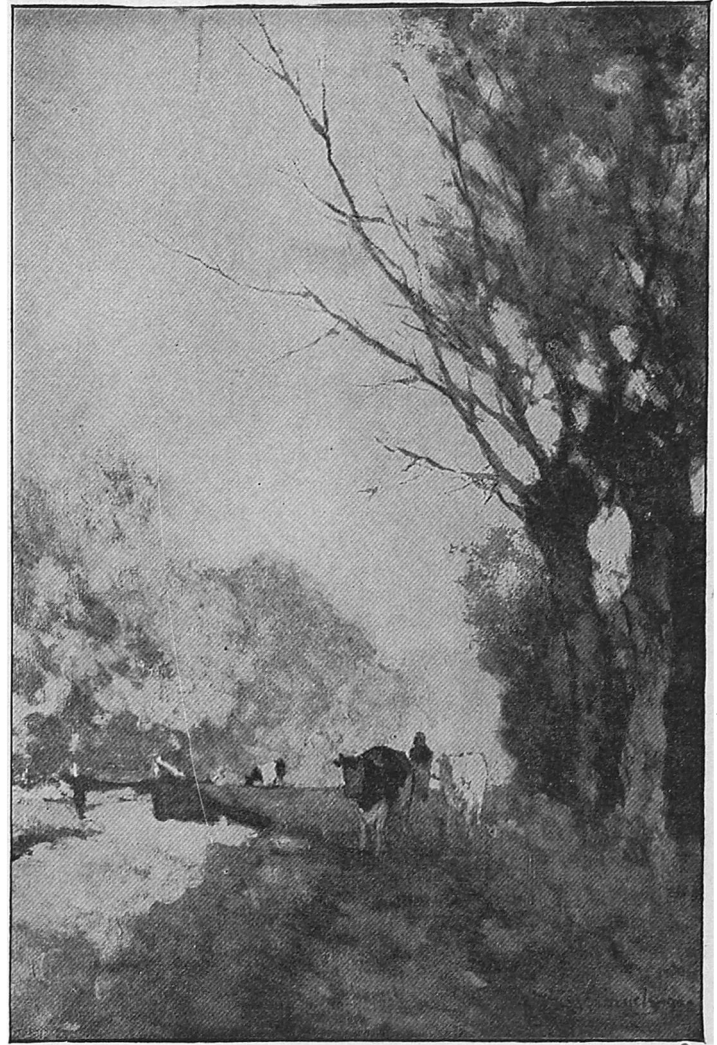
American painters and sculptors who cannot exist without protection have been mistaken in the selection and do not deserve the distinction of their calling; they hinder our intellectual development. Their clamor should not prevent the amateur from procuring the work of art he likes, wherever he can find it, without paying tribute to American potboilers and lathe-turners.

To make fine arts free of duty would not seriously diminish our revenue; it would benefit the education of our people and raise us in the estimate of this progressive age more than it could injure our financial credit. The ancient Greeks appreciated already that life is brief, but art is eternal.

LOUIS WINDMULLER.

\*Imports of works of art into the United States:

	1902.	1903.	1904.
Value.....	\$4,018,978	\$2,787,864	\$2,824,245
Duty.....	803,796	557,573	564,849



J. H. WEISSENBRUCH.

AUTUMN NEAR THE HAGUE

### THE TARIFF ON ART.

A Tariff on Art is a premium on incapacity. It protects American artists only when protection means excluding much of the highest, admitting all of the lowest and incidentally diminishing the self-respect of every artist, be he rich or poor, student or modern-master.

Such protection does not protect: rather does it cause death and decay. No one wants it, at least no sane inhabitant of our land; and the politicians who insist upon it are even more impossible than the customs officers who enforce the rules.

"Shall I pay duty on photographs of Gothic Architecture and of Mediæval Churches?"

"Sixty per cent., Sir."

"But how could I do these here,—plant my camera in front of a Broadway office-building?"

"About your only way, I guess!"—And my uniformed exponent of government wisdom and justice smiles.

If any among the sons of men doubt the magnificent strength of America, let them observe how we can impose a huge duty on the works of Rembrandt, Titian and Velasquez—to protect the home-product and keep the wolf from the studio door—and, imposing it, meanwhile hold high the Senatorial head. Poor Sir Oracle, at whom "no dog may bark!"

To be wrong, persistent and stupid is the temporary lot of men and nations; but did anyone or anything yet stand being ridiculous? Perchance in this is a hope for repeal of the duty on Fine Arts, for we are a proud and sensitive people,